

## PLANS FOR THE ROOT OBSEQUIES

Interment Will Probably Be in  
Laramie, Wyo.

MANY MORE TALES OF "BILL"  
ABOUT UNIQUE CHARACTER.

FRIENDS GROW REMINISCENT  
ABOUT UNIQUE CHARACTER.

The funeral of the late Colonel "Bill" Root, who was found dead in his room in the New Windsor hotel Saturday night, will probably take place Tuesday afternoon at the lodge room of the Elks in their club building on South State street. If the wishes of Mrs. Root, the mother of the deceased, are carried out, as is likely, the remains will be shipped to Laramie, Wyo., the former home of the deceased, for interment.

Coroner F. H. Clark has decided not to hold an inquest over the body, as he is convinced that heart failure was the immediate cause of death. Mrs. Root stated yesterday afternoon that her son had been troubled with that disease ever since he was a young boy. Although it caused him some trouble in those days, physicians who examined him assured his parents that as he grew older he would outgrow the trouble. To all outward appearances such proved to be the case. It was not until later years that there was a trace of the disease, and its mild form did not give Colonel Root or his family any serious concern. So satisfied is Mrs. Root that her son's death was due to fatty degeneration of the heart, that she did not want to put the authorities to the time and trouble of a post mortem examination.

No definite arrangements can or will be made relative to the funeral until the arrival in the city this morning of Chauncey B. Root, brother of the deceased, who lives in Laramie. He was communicated with yesterday morning by long distance telephone by his sister, Mrs. Harriet R. Lacey, who lives with her mother in the First street. The brother stated that he would catch the first train for this city, arriving here this morning. When he reaches Salt Lake the final details of the funeral will be arranged by him.

### Elks May Conduct Funeral.

The Elks have expressed a desire to conduct the funeral services, and unless the brother enters an objection they will be held some time Tuesday afternoon in the lodge room. Chaplain Barnes, who was appointed to that position a few days ago by Exalted Ruler James C. Leary, at the same time places Colonel Root upon the sick visiting committee, will deliver the eulogistic address.

If it is decided to ship the remains to Laramie the body will be escorted from the club building to the train. A detachment of Elks from the local lodge will probably accompany the casket to Wyoming, and participate in the fraternal burial which will take place in that city.

It was just nine years ago Friday that Colonel Root's father passed away in Washington. Had he lived a few hours longer he would have died on the anniversary of the death of his father.

Colonel Root was in the fifty-eighth year of his life. He was born at Lebanon, N. Y., on Feb. 23, 1848. He came from Omaha to Salt Lake with the intention of making it his home. Two years ago the 15th of next May, accompanied by his aged mother and married sister. Since then they have resided at 1063 First street.

Omaha was the home of Colonel Root some years before he came to this city. Prior to his residence in that city he lived at Laramie.

### Came West With Union Pacific.

The bulk of the Union Pacific road west from the Missouri river was the real cause of Colonel Root's coming as far west as Wyoming. Had that great road never been constructed at just the time it was, the probabilities are that the man would never have attained his international reputation that he did in the manner in which it was achieved.

Before the building of the Union Pacific Colonel Root lived in Jersey City and Chicago, moving with his parents. When they left the Windy City for Omaha the latter place consisted chiefly of tents and huts. The father took up a farm under the homestead act. As Omaha grew in time it became more valuable. In time it was included in the corporate limits. The father sold out at fancy figures, the proceeds constituting the nucleus of the fortune which the family afterwards enjoyed.

With the completion of the Union Pacific, Colonel Root was in Green River, Wyo. He left there when his sub-contract on the road had been finished and went to Laramie, where he lived for some time. That was in 1889. About that time there was more or less mining excitement in that section of the west and "Bill" visited many of the camps, taking his turn at driving stakes, fighting Indians, running stoves and leading a genuine frontiersman's life.

In the rainy days of the North Park, Colo., and Cushing, Wyo., camps, "Bill" was quite a figure, and made considerable money in the latter by running a general store there.

### "Bill" and the Movers.

The colonel finally drifted back to Laramie and became the resident agent for a wagon and machine company. He had a thorough understanding of command and seemingly was making money. The stock on hand, a few years later, contained a large number of movers and reapers. One day "Bill" advertised them for sale at prices ranging from a gift to good customers to \$10 and \$15 each to other people. When asked why he sold the machines at such a low figure "Bill" replied in his drawl: "Why, you ain't onto the scheme, I

have about \$2,000 worth of repairs on hand. It will not be many days before these farmers will be coming back for town repairs to fix up their machines. In that way I will get rid of that surplus repair stock."

The business did not prove a good venture in the end. One day the sheriff's men attached upon the whole establishment. When asked about the matter in recent years "Bill" would give one of his short, peculiar laughs, and, assuming his accustomed confidential manner when about to relate a good story on himself, would relate:

"Well, I'll tell you. It was this way. I thought I was doing a rattling good business. I was satisfied. But one day the sheriff came along. Those who saw him had ideas different from mine. Between the two of us—the sheriff and myself—we made a dismal failure of the business."

### Goes Into Theatrical Business.

The only thing left to the colonel out of the adventure with the sheriff was the recollection that he had been a merchant of that wild and woolly town, and the possession of a large, empty warehouse. It stood vacant for years—a monument, so to speak, of "Bill's" inability to make a success of the implement business. It never seemed to bother "Bill" in the least that he was a failure. It would come in handy. And it did, unexpectedly, and ultimately was the means of making a great deal of money for the man.

About 1893 a patent medicine man came to town. He had been in the habit of holding his performances either in the open air or in a tent. When he struck Laramie he and "Bill" went into partnership, money to speak. It was agreed between them that the colonel should place seats in the warehouse and an admission of 10 cents should be charged for the performance which the medicine man would give.

The seats were seen in place—crude affairs at the best, as compared with country theatres of today, but quite comfortable for those times in such a place. The semi-theatre aspect of the place proved a drawing card and the nightly performances of the medicine man were largely attended; the sale of drugs was good, and he paid Root money for the use of the warehouse. The adventures of the medicine man resulted in the warehouse being made into a theatre—very crude, but satisfying to the inhabitants of the town—and "Bill" turned his hand to the theatrical business by running a vaudeville show. That likewise proved a success from a financial point of view and "Bill" was in his glory.

### Benefit For McKee Rankin.

Just about that time McKee Rankin, the famous tragedian who recently played in the city here at the Salt Lake theatre, struck the town of Laramie with a company of fifteen besides himself. They were stranded. Business had been poor all along the line, and the now famous actor had reached the end of his rope when he got off the train at that little place. According to Root's version of the affair, Rankin seemed to blame everybody and everything, rather than himself and his company and their Shakespearean plays, for their bad luck. One day he met Root on the street, and unobscured himself to the theatre manager something like this, throwing all the dignity of the profession into his gestures and general demeanor:

"It is a shame, sir! It is a disgrace, an insult, sir, that a man of my capabilities should be stranded in such a place as this. It is an outrage, Colonel Root, that a man of my standing in the lofty profession, with such a high-priced and talented company of actors and actresses, should be compelled to starve in a hole like this. It is a shame, sir! It is a disgrace. It is worse than ignominy of the worst kind. What is the theatrical world coming to? Where are the lovers of legitimate drama that they would permit a man like me, and my company, to starve in a place like this? It is a damnable shame, a lasting disgrace."

Patiently waiting for the outraged actor to vent his feelings, "Bill" stepped quietly up to Rankin and, placing his hand upon his shoulder in a most confidential manner, said, in his most reassuring way:

"Never mind, old man, cheer up. I will give you a benefit."

The benefit came off in the warehouse theatre. The company put on the heaviest of the heavy pieces at its command. Great preparations were made in anticipation of receipts sufficient to enable the company to reach New York in a manner befitting the mind of Mr. Rankin.

After the performance was over the receipts were counted. They amounted to just \$16—exactly \$1 for each member of the company. Rankin included that was the last benefit—and, by the way, that "Bill" ever gave in his theatrical career.

Remodeled, it is now being conducted by "Bill" Nye, who is making considerable money out of it.

### "Bill" Nye Avenges Him.

At one time Root was a guard at the penitentiary, which was located at Laramie. When William F. Sweeney of Omaha was appointed warden—that was during territorial days—was made his head guard and confidential man.

A short time after his appointment, Root caught a man in a saloon cheating at cards. The colonel took him to task for it. He was followed by a fist encounter in which "Bill" was so badly beaten that he was laid up for three or four days. At that time "Bill" Nye was justice of the peace.

A day or two after he got out of bed, the man who beat "Bill" so unmercifully was arrested for some petty crime. He was taken to the county jail and there Nye, the evidence was all in, and the famous writer was about to impose a fine of \$100 on the fellow who had laid him out.

"Say, Nye, that's the fellow who looked me up," replied the justice, looking at "Bill."

"The same critter," was "Bill's" characteristic rejoinder.

As "Bill" retraced his steps to the rear entrance to the room he heard Justice Nye say to the prisoner:

"Six months in the state penitentiary. The next day, when the prisoner arrived before a scathing fire from the enemy's guns during the great battle, stands a monument erected to the Fortieth regiment, and it was dedicated Monday. The colonel of the regiment was not there. He is no longer a hero. The soldiers have fallen across his path in the shape of misfortune that swept away a large fortune. No one offered to pay his railroad fare that he might participate in the dedication ceremonies. The trains pulled away without him, and he stood with the tears rolling down his cheeks. For a year or more, it is said, his habits have been exemplary that he might be invited to join with his old comrades in the trip to Shiloh. Poverty stood in the way, however, and no one seemed to realize that a few dollars would have brightened a darkened life beyond measure. Nevertheless, he was the colonel of the Fortieth regiment when the regiment was dedicated in battle."

General George F. McGinnis, postmaster of Indianapolis, who commanded a regiment at Shiloh, said he believed General Wallace had made a grave mistake in reopening the old controversy. General McGinnis is regarded as a close friend of General Wallace.

Colonel Blake said this when he called on Mr. Lockwood, the secretary to Governor Durbin. When the Indiana delegation, headed by the governor's staff, resplendent in gold braid and brass buttons, assembled at the depot to take their special trains of Pullmans last Saturday night, there was one man who stood alone with quivering lips watching the preparations. He was old Colonel Blake, who was on the memorable April 7, when the battle of Shiloh was fought, a full-fledged fighter, hero and leader of a regiment, the Fortieth. On the side of Parly road, where this regiment stood unflinchingly.

placed at "Bill's" place of business, the colonel went to him and said:

"Say, five of those six months you got, I gave you for giving me such a licking. In justice to Colonel Root it is no more than right to insert the information that during his entire six months in the penitentiary the man was his pet, and that he afterwards sent him home when he left that penal institution."

That man, who was a "tin-horn" gambler, gave Colonel "Bill" Root his first and only drubbing after the latter reached his majority.

### Debut in Politics.

Only once in his life did "Bill" ever aspire to honors and laurels in the political arena and that once sufficed him for the remainder of his existence, for he was defeated. When it was all said and done, he was a campaign supporter.

"I'm no hog; once is enough for me," and he kept his word with himself to his dying day.

It was in 1891 that the colonel aspired to justice of the peace in Laramie. He followed in the footsteps of his former friend and business partner, "Bill" Nye. It did not cost much money, no effort for "Bill" to get the nomination. Then he entered the campaign with his usual enthusiasm, and tried his hand at making votes by telling good stories, etc.

That was the year that the Democratic party in Wyoming was wiped off the political map. It stood vanquished. Not even "Bill's" name was to be found in the debris when the ballots were counted the night of the election. Although he ran away ahead of his party, the fact that he was a Democrat, and that it was a Republican, sent him down to defeat with the remainder of his ticket.

### Goes Into Animal Business.

It was just about that time that Root became engaged in the buying and catching of wild animals for eastern parks and sporting men, and supplying the preserves of Englishmen on the other side of the Atlantic ocean. In that business "Bill" made a fortune, and built up a name for himself which will be handed down to posterity.

That business necessitated his making several trips to England, where he made friends among the nobility which lasted throughout his life. Before he died the colonel received a letter from one of his foreign noble patrons, recalling his last visit to England, asking after his health, and after wishing him all the success and prosperity to be obtained in this life, expressed the hope that some time in the future he would cross the ocean again and renew personal acquaintances.

The great esteem in which "Bill" was held by his English cousins, is perhaps better brought out by the following interview with Andrew W. Flanagan of Laramie, Wyo. He came down from the north yesterday, and will probably remain in the city for a few days. He knew the colonel well in the good old Laramie days, and was more than shocked when he learned of the sudden death of his friend.

"Before recounting Colonel Root's last visit to England, I want to say, said Judge Flanagan, that every one in Wyoming who knew the man loved him. He was respected by all, and his death will be deeply regretted. You cannot say too many good things about 'Bill'. He is deserving of them all."

If I remember correctly the last time Root went to England was to deliver a carload of wild game to Sir Peter Cooper. He was the immensely rich man, and owns, it is said, the finest private country home in all England. His name himself. They were stranded. Business had been poor all along the line, and the now famous actor had reached the end of his rope when he got off the train at that little place.

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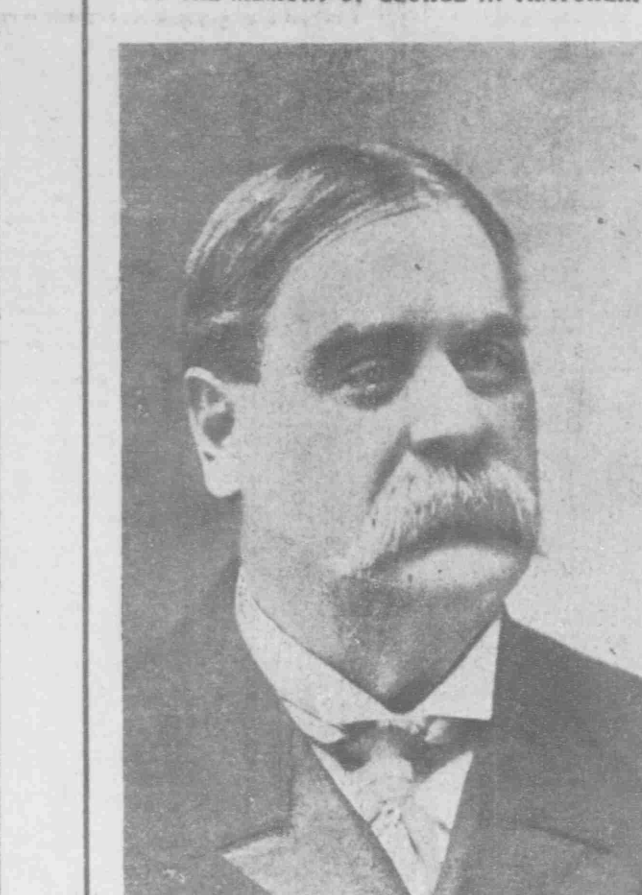
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## TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE W. THATCHER.



W H O M God would noble have are noble born; And by His holy spirit from the morn Of Life, until the dying dawn fed— Thereof, are by His inspiration led— Are by His ministering angels led Along the Lord's appointed way.

Not self-created, these! The pow'r of Will Tho' strong, does not into their lives distill The poison of its pomp and pride. Their minds, while conscious of inherent might, Still, through the veil of self, behold the light Of Heaven—and in its radiance abide.

Nor do they boast, as those do that are vain Of intellectual power, and who gaze At the plaudits of their fellow men. Because devotion to a single cause, Worthily perhaps, has won for them, applause— Whether by deed, or tongue or pen.

Within the silent chambers of the soul Of such—true as the needle to the pole— A purpose fix'd, a forever stands— A firm resolve that knows no law of change— A purpose no temptation can derange— To follow where the right commands.

As in the flight of the eternal years (Despite man's joys, despite his wordless fears) The stars their changeless course pursue, So those who God for greatness hath designed, Ignoring fate, walk in the course assigned. Unconscious of the good they do.

Thus did'st thou live—unknown all the while How little in thy heart there was of guile, How much of gentleness, how great The faithful soul God's love to earth, And raked thee with the noble ones of birth, Who live beyond the shafts of fate.

Like lightning from a clear and cloudless sky Hatred of wrong would flash forth from thine eye. And in the heart of evil burn; And yet, nor sorrow nor distress could call. But from those eyes the tears would tremble fall.

To grief thy soul could not be stern. There is a test by which mankind may tell Whether a life is lived or ill or well— If at the close it won or lost: Who lives aright is known by the kind tears. The gentle sighs, the quick, the anxious fears— Which hesitate and count the cost.

Of judgments harsh upon a fellow man. He realizes, in Salvation's plan. There's none but has a need of grace From God, to soften all the records of the past. When, there, before the Great White Throne, at Which he sits, he counts the cost.

We stand, and all our life deeds face. Thy heart was tender as a little child. Thy strong thy judgments yet were mild. All men had fellowship in God. With thee, and so, the mercy thou didst yield. But that word that in thy heart was hid. When thou didst pass beneath the rod.

And as the ripening years bent low thy head. As friend and loved were numbered with the dead, Thy heart did soften and warm tears. Of tenderness and pity filled thine eyes— A few American stars all for money, and To Him who answers as He hears.

They that forgive have little to repent. And thou forgavest all of wrong intent; And so thy life fulfilled the test. Therefore thine eyes were gladdened with the word:

"Receive thy joy—and glory in the Lord— Thy name is numbered with the saints."— R. W. SLOAN.

on this occasion, as Root walked into the store, the proprietor asked another man to stand by him. The man addressed made some reply, whereas the proprietor looked at the man and said:

"Say, did it ever occur to you, as large as my feet may be, that I could place them both in your mouth at the same time, and with the side?"

Passes By Sprinkling Job.

Last night an attempt was made by Colonel Root's friends to get him the position of superintendent of the night sprinkling. When the proposition was brought to his attention he hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why, some man with a family needs a job. When I went east with my show for Glen Island I received \$150 per month, my board and all my expenses. When I came back I had four more shirts than when I left here and \$6 in my pocket. I don't have to give it to some man who has a family."

Other stories, and good ones, too, might be told. When I went east with my show for Glen Island I received \$150 per month, my board and all my expenses. When I came back I had four more shirts than when I left here and \$6 in my pocket. I don't have to give it to some man who has a family."

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**What a fine thing**

soap washing is for the makers of linens, cottons and the like! How it keeps their business! Clothes used up quickly; others must be bought. Pearline washes so that clothes last longer. Instead of rubbing the garment away by main strength PEARLINE harmlessly soaks out the dirt. Think of the saving to clothes in a year!

**Pearline means Economy**

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**T. Axierbach & Bro.**

ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

**THE GREATEST Dress Goods Price-Cutting THAT EVER HAPPENED.**

**The Most Sensational Dress Goods Sale We've Ever Held IS NOW ON.**

Delayed shipments turn our dress goods department into a turmoil. Importers overcrowded with orders, fast as our stock in time for the spring of the season. An avalanche of bright spring stuffs have overwhelmed us the past week. Shipments which should have been here Jan. 15 come now. Counters, shelves and reserve rooms are overcrowded and

**Swift and Sure Means Must Be Taken to Lighten the Load.**

Because of the delay and consequent loss to us, the importers have made a marvelous discount and this brings thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful dress fabrics to you at prices that will send them rolling and tumbling out of our store. Prices that thousands will come far and near to pay. Prices that will put money into your pocket and cause the biggest kind of a sensation.

**COME QUICK AND TAKE YOUR PICK!**

**A POOR LIGHT**

Is often the cause of serious eye strain. Better a kerosene lamp than poor electric lights. If your eyes ache or water while reading, we will test them free of charge and if you need glasses we will sell you just what you need at a reasonable price.

**KNICKERBOCKER, O. D.**

259 Main St.

**Good Morning Ladies!**

Be sure and order that bottle of 3 Crown Triple Lemon Extract when your grocer calls. Remember that it is absolutely pure and because of its effectiveness, cheaper than any other. If you don't like it your money will be refunded.

We manufacture all the other flavors, too. Try our extract of vanilla.

**HEWLETT BROS. CO.**

**Girls' Shoes**

Our shoes for girls are built by a concern that does just the one thing, and do it best.

Our girls' shoes have many little points of superior excellence—oak soles (double weave), linen stitched (rip proof), outside back stay and closed seams that prevent the back from breaking out; uppers of good, firm, select stock, each grade selected with a view to its special need; kid or calfskin dress or everyday sorts.

One sort, the best one—

Sizes 5 to 8 at	\$1.50
Sizes 9 to 11 at	1.65
Sizes 12 to 14 at	2.00
Another sort, and a good sort, too, our Shield line—	
Sizes 5 to 8 at	\$1.00
Sizes 9 to 11 at	1.25
Sizes 12 to 14 at	1.50

**Hirschman's**

SHOE PEOPLE

**OUR DINING CARS**

"I have traveled on most of the important railroads in America and Europe, and have dined on each of them as have restaurant-cars. I would rather dine on a Burlington Route dining-car than on any other railroad dining car that I know of in the world."

S. S. McCURE, Publisher McClure's Magazine.

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**R. F. NESLEN,**  
General Agent.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

## POVERTY PREVENTED VETERAN FROM VISITING BATTLE GROUND

Indianapolis, Ind., April 12.—Old Colonel John W. Blake of this city, who was colonel of the Fortieth regiment of infantry at the battle of Shiloh, takes exceptions to the speech of General Lew Wallace, attacking General Grant, at the dedication of the Indiana monument at Shiloh, in which the latter said the federal army fought the battle without a commander.

General Wallace would hang himself if given enough rope, said the old colonel. "My brother heard Grant give Wallace his orders at Pittsburg Landing, and no one but Wallace was responsible for the blunder."

Colonel Blake said this when he called on Mr. Lockwood, the secretary to Governor Durbin. When the Indiana delegation, headed by the governor's staff, resplendent in gold braid and brass buttons, assembled at the depot to take their special trains of Pullmans last Saturday night, there was one man who stood alone with quivering lips watching the preparations. He was old Colonel Blake, who was on the memorable April 7, when the battle of Shiloh was fought, a full-fledged fighter, hero and leader of a regiment, the Fortieth. On the side of Parly road, where this regiment stood unflinchingly.

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